The Loyal Forriſter,

Or, Royal PASTIME;

Being a Pleaſant Diſcourſe between the KING and a Loyal KEEPER, who not knowing His Majeſty, would not ſuffer him to Hunt in the Forreſt for any Reward whatſoever, which Faithfulneſs the King highly commended as you ſhall find by this following Ditty.

To an Excellent New Tune.

YOu Subjects of England come liſten a while,
Here is a new ditty may make you to ſmile;
It is of the King and a Keeper alſo,
Who met in a Forreſt ſome winters ago.

O Early, O Early, all in a morning,
King William roſe early all in a morning,
And a gown of grey ruſſet King William put on,
As tho' he had been but ſome ſilly poor man.

The hounds was made ready prepar'd for the game,
No Nobles attended of Honour and Fame;
But like a mean Subject in homely Array,
He to his own Forreſt was taking his way.

O then beſpake Mary our Moſt Royal Queen,
My Gracious King William where are you going
He anſwer'd, I count him to be no wiſe Man,
That will tell his councel to a Woman.

The Queen with a modeſt behaviour reply'd,
I wiſh that kind providence may be thy guide,
To keep thee from danger my Soveraign Lord;
The which will the greateſt of comfort afford.

He went to the Forreſt ſome pleaſure to ſpy,
The Grey-hounds run ſwift, & the keeper drew nigh,
Who cry'd you bold fellow how dare you come here,
Without the King's leave to chaſe his fair Deer.

I am one of his ſubjects I am one of his force,
And I am come hither for to run a courſe,
Get you gone bold fellow you run no courſe here,
Without the leave of King William forbear.

Here is my three hounds I will give them to you,
And likewiſe my hawks they're as goodas e'er
Beſides I will give thee full forty ſhilling,
If thou'lt not betray me to William our King.

All that I have offer'd I prithee now take,
And do thy endeavour my peace for to make;
Beſides forty ſhillings I'le give thee a Ring,
If thou'lt not betray me to William our King.

Your three hounds I tell you I never will take,
Nor yet your three hawks your peace for to make,
Nor will I be brib'd by your forty ſhilling,
But I will betray you to William our King.

As I am a Keeper I'le not be unjuſt,
Nor for a Gold Ring will I forfeit my truſt;
I'll bring you before him as ſure as a Gun,
And there you ſhall anſwer for what you have done.

Thou art a bold fellow King William reply'd,
What doſt thou not ſee here the ſtar at my ſide,
This Forreſt is mine I wou'd have you to know,
Then what is the reaſon you threaten me ſo.

With that the bold keeper he fell on his knees,
a trembling fear his ſpirits did ſeize,
The picture of death too appear'd in his face,
He knew not at firſt that the King was in place.

O pardon, O pardon my ſoveraign Leige,
For your Royal pardon I beg and beſeech,
Alas my poor heart in my breaſt it is cold!
O let me not ſuffer for being ſo bold.

Get up honeſt keeper and ſhake off thy fears,
In thee there's nothing of folly appears
If every one was as faithful as thee,
O what a bleſt Prince King William would be.

Because I'd encourage ſuch perſons as you,
I'll make thee my Ranger, if that will not do
Thou ſhalt be a Captain by Sea or by Land,
And high in my favour thou ever ſhalt ſtand.

The keeper reply'd my great Soveraign Lord.
Sure I am not worthy of ſuch a reward,
Yet nevertheleſs your true keeper I'll be
Becauſe I am fearful to venture by ſea.

At which the K, laugh'd till his ſides he did hold,
Then threw him down 20 bright Guinies of gold
And bid him make haſt to Kingſington Court;
Where of this true jeſt he wou'd make pleaſant ſport

And when you come thither pray aſk for long Jack,
Who wears a Pumgranet of gole at his back,
Likewiſe a green Pheaſant upon his right ſleeve,
I'll warrant he's a true man you may him beleeve.

He's one of my Porters that ſtands at my Gate
To let in my nobles both early and late;
And therefore good fellow come up without fear,
Ile make thee my Ranger of Parks far and near.

Printed for C. Bates in Pyecorner.